



ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1758.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 13, 1854.

NUMBER 4827.

Poetry.

ADDRESS TO WEALTH GATHERERS.
BY COWLEY.

How dost thou heap up wealth, which thou
must quit,
What is worse, be left by it?

How dost thou load thyself, when thou'rt to fly,
With man, ordained to die?

How dost thou art ungrounded on high,
Who art an underground to lie?
How dost thou plant, but to fruit to see,
Or Death, alas! is sowing thee.

How dost thou wise and industrious deem,
Thy husband thou wouldst seem;
How dost thou like a bought slave, thou all the
while
Sits but for others sweat and toil.

How dost thou need must meddling be
Business that concerns not thee!
When to future years thou extend at thy
care,
How dost thou deal in other men's affairs.

How dost thou, as if they truly were,
Children again, for age prepare
For long travel they design,
The last point of their short life.

How dost thou, against poor winter hoards
The stock which summer's wealth affords,
How dost thou, when in autumn die,
How dost thou vain as such an industry.

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Selected Cate.

From Putnam's Magazine for April.
TOSS UP FOR A HUSBAND.TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.
CHAPTER I.

The Marchioness was at her toilet. Florine and Aspasie, her two lady's maids, were busy powdering, as if with hoar frost, the bewitching widow.

She was a widow, this Marchioness, a widow of twenty-three; and wealthy, as very few persons were any longer at the court of Louis XV., her godfather.

Three and twenty years earlier, his majesty had held her at the baptismal font of the chapel at Marly, and had settled upon her an income of a hundred thousand livres, by way of proving to her father, the Baron Fontevault, who had saved his life at the battle of Fontenoy, that kings can be grateful, whatever people choose to say to the contrary.

The Marchioness was then a widow. She resided, during the summer, in a charming little chateau, situated half way up the slope overhanging the water, on the road from Bourgoval to Saint Germain.

Madame Dubarry's estate adjoined hers; and on opening her eyes she could see, without rising, the white gable ends and the wide spreading chestnut trees of Luciennes, perched upon the heights. On this particular day—it was noon—the Marchioness, whilst her attendants dressed her hair and arranged her head dress with the most exquisite taste, gravely employed herself in tossing up, alternately two fine oranges, which crossed each other in the air, and then dropped into the delicate hand that caught them in their fall.

This sleight of hand, which the Marchioness interrupted at times whilst she adjusted a beauty spot on her lip, or cast an impatient glance at the crystal clock that told how time was running away with the fair widow's precious moments, had lasted for ten minutes, when the folding doors were thrown open, and a valet, such as one sees now only on the stage, announced with pompous voice, "The king!"

Apparently the Marchioness was accustomed to such visits; for she but half rose from her seat as she saluted with her most gracious smile the personage who entered.

It was indeed Louis XV. himself—Louis XV. at sixty-five; but robust, upright with smiling lips and beaming eye, and justly clad in a close-fitting, pearl-gray hunting suit, that became him to perfection. He carried under his arm a handsome fowling piece, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; a small pouch, intended for ammunition alone, hung over his shoulder.

The king had come from Luciennes almost alone, that is to say, with a captain of the Guard, the old Marshal de Richelieu, and a single equerry on foot. He had been amusing himself with quail shooting, loading his own gun, as was the fashion with his ancestors, the later Valois and the earlier Bourbons. His grandsons, Henry IV. could not have been less ceremonious. But a shower of hail had surprised him; and his majesty had no relish for it. He pretended that the fire of an enemy's battery was less disagreeable than those drops of water, so small and so hard, that wet him through and reminded him of his twinges of rheumatism.

Fortunately, he was but a few steps from the gateway of the chateau when the shower commenced. He had come, therefore, to take shelter with his god-daughter, having dismissed his suite, and only keeping with him a magnificent pointer, whose genealogy was fully established by the Duke of Richelieu, and traced back, with a few slips of orthography, directly to Nisus, that celebrated greyhound given by Charles IX. to his friend Ronsard, the poet.

Good morning, Marchioness," said the king as he entered, putting down his fowling piece in a corner. "I have come to ask your hospitality. We were caught in a shower at your gate—Richelieu and I. I have packed off Richelieu."

"Ah, Sire, that wasn't very kind of you."

"Hush!" replied the king, in a good-humored tone. "It's only mid-day; and if the Marshal had forced his way in here at so early an hour, he would have bragged of it every evening. He is very apt to promise one; and he is a coxcomb, too, the old duke. But don't put yourself out of the way, Marchioness. Let Aspasie finish this becoming pile of your head dress, and Florine spread out with her silver knife the scented powder that blends so well with the lilies and roses of your bewitching face."

"Why, Marchioness, you are so pretty one could eat you up!"

"You think me so, Sire?"

"I tell you so every day. O, what fine oranges!"

And the king seated himself upon the roomy sofa, by the side of the Marchioness whose rosy finger tips he kissed with an infinity of grace. Then taking up one of the oranges that he had admired, he proceeded leisurely to examine it.

"But," said he at length, "what are oranges doing by the side of your Chinese powder box and your scented bottles? Is there any connection between this fruit and the maintenance—easy as it is—of your charms?"

"These oranges," replied the lady, gravely, "fulfilled just now, Sire, the function of destiny."

The king opened wide his eyes, and stroked the long ears of his dog by way of giving the Marchioness time to explain her meaning.

"It was the Countess who gave them to me," she continued.

"Madame Dubarry?"

"Exactly so, Sire."

"Trumpet gift, it seems to me, Marchioness."

"Hold it, on the contrary, to be an important one; since I repeat to your majesty that these oranges decide my fate."

"I give it up," said the king.

"Imagine, Sire; yesterday I found the Countess occupied in tossing her oranges up and down, in this way." And the Marchioness recommenced her game with a skill that cannot be described.

"I see," said the king; "she accompanied this singular amusement with the words, 'Up, Choussel! up Prasin!' and, on my word, I can fancy how the pair jumped."

"Precisely so, Sire."

"And do you dabble in politics, Marchioness? Have you a fancy for uniting with the Countess, just to mortify my poor ministers?"

"By no means, Sire; for in place of Monsieur de Choussel and the Duke de Prasin, I was saying to myself, just now, 'Up, Menneval! up, Beaugency!'"

"Ay, ay," returned the king; "and why the deuce would you have them jumping, those two good-looking gentlemen—Monsieur de Menneval, who is a statesman, and dances the minuet to perfection."

"I'll tell you," said the dame. "You know, Sire, that Monsieur de Menneval is an accomplished gentleman, a handsome gallant cavalier and indefatigable dancer, witty as Monsieur Aronde, and longing for nothing so much as to live in Touraine, on the banks of the Loire, with the woman whom he loves or will love, as far from the court, from grandeur, and from turmoil."

"And, on my life, he's in the right of it," quoth the king. "One does become so wearied at the court."

"Aye, and no," rejoined the widow, as she put on her last beauty spot. "Nor are you unaware, Sire, that Monsieur de Beaugency is one of the most brilliant courtiers of Marly and Versailles; ambitious, burning with zeal for the service of your majesty, as brave as Monsieur de Menneval, and capable of going to the end of the earth... with the title of Ambassador to the King of France."

"I know that," chimed in Louis XV., with a laugh. "But, alas! I have more ambassadors than embassies. My ante-chambers overflow every morning."

"Now," continued the Marchioness, "I have been a widow... these two years past."

"A long time, there's no denying."

"Ah," sighed she, "there's no need to tell me so, Sire. But Monsieur de Menneval loves me... at least, he says so, and I am easily persuaded."

"Very well; then marry Monsieur de Menneval."

"I have thought of it, Sire; and, in truth, I might do much worse. I should like, well enough to live in the country, under the willow trees, on the borders of the river, with a husband fond, yielding, loving, who would detest the philosopher and set some little value on the poets. When no external noises disturb the honey-moon, that month, Sire, may be indefinitely prolonged. In the country, you know, one never hears a noise."

"Unless it be the north wind moaning through the corridor and the rain pattering on the window panes," and the king shivered slightly on his sofa.

"But," added the dame, "Monsieur de Beaugency loves me equally well."

"Ah, ha! the ambitious man."

"Ambition does not shut out love, Sire. Monsieur de Beaugency is a Marquis; he is twenty-five; he is ambitious. I should like a husband vastly who was long to reach high offices of state. Greatness has its own particular merit."

"Then marry Monsieur de Beaugency."

"I have thought of that, also; but this poor Monsieur de Menneval..."

"Very good," replied the king, laughing. "Now I see to what purpose the oranges are destined. Monsieur de Beaugency would suit you just as well; and since you can't have more than one husband, you make them each jump in turn."

"Just so, Sire. But observe what happens!"

"Ah, what does happen?"

"That, unwilling and unable to play unfairly, I take equal pains to catch the oranges as they come down; and that I catch them both, each time."

"Well, are you willing I should take part in your game?"

"You, Sire? Ah, what a joke that would be."

"I am very clumsy, Marchioness. To a certainty, in less than three minutes"

Beaugency and Menneval will be rolling on the floor."

"Ah!" exclaimed the lady; "and if you have any preference for one or the other?"

"No; we'll do better. Look, I take the two oranges... you mark them carefully—or, better still, you stick into one of them one of these toilet pins, make up your own mind which of the two is to represent Monsieur de Beaugency, and leaving me, on that point, entirely in the dark. If Monsieur de Beaugency touch the floor, you shall marry his rival; if it happen just otherwise, you shall resign yourself to become an ambassador."

"Excellent! Now, Sire, let's see the result."

The king took the two oranges and plied shuttle with them above his head. But, at the third pass the two rolled down over the embroidered carpet, and the Marchioness broke out into a merry fit of laughter.

"I foresaw as much," exclaimed his majesty. "What a clumsy fellow I am!"

"And we more puzzled than ever, Sire."

"So we are, Marchioness; but the best thing we can do is to slice the oranges, sugar them well and season them with a dash of West India rum. Then you can beg me to taste them, and offer me some of those preserved cherries and peaches that you put up just as nicely as my daughter Adelaide."

"And Monsieur de Menneval? and Monsieur de Beaugency?" said the Marchioness in piteous accents. "How is this question to be settled?"

Louis XV. began to cogitate.

"Are you quite sure," said he, "that both are in love with you?"

"Probably so," returned she, with a little coquettish smile, sent back to her from the mirror opposite.

"And their love is equally strong?"

"I trust so, Sire."

"And I don't believe a word of it."

"Ah!" said the Marchioness. "But that is, in truth, a most terrible supposition. Besides, Sire, they are on their way hither."

"Both of them?"

"One after the other; the Marquis at one o'clock, precisely; the Baron at two. I promised them my decision to-morrow, on condition that they would pay me a final visit to-day."

As the Marchioness finished, the valet who had announced the king, came to inform his mistress that Monsieur de Beaugency was in the drawing room, and solicited the favor of admission to pay his respects."

"Capital!" said Louis XV., smiling as though he were eighteen; "show Monsieur de Beaugency in. Marchioness, you will receive him, and tell him the price that set upon your hand."

"And what is this price, Sire?"

"You must give him the choice, either to renounce you or to consent to send in to me his resignation of his appointments, in order that he may go and bury himself with his wife on his estate of Courlaic, in Poitou, there to live the life of a country gentleman."

"And then, Sire?"

"You will allow him a couple of hours for reflection, and then dismiss him."

"And in the end?"

"The rest is my concern." And the king got up, taking his dog and gun, and concealing himself behind a screen, drawing also a curtain, that he might be completely hidden.

"I conceal myself, like the kings of Persia, from the eyes of my subjects," replied Louis XV. "Hush! Marchioness."

A few moments later, and Monsieur de Beaugency entered the room.

CHAPTER II.

The Marquis was a charming cavalier: tall, slight, with a moustache black and curling upwards, his eye sparkling and intelligent, a Roman nose, an Austrian lip, a firm step, a noble and imposing presence.

The Marchioness blushed slightly at sight of him; but offered him her hand to kiss; and as she begged him by a gesture to be seated, thus inwardly took counsel with herself.

"Decidedly, I believe the test is useless; it is Monsieur de Beaugency whom I love. How proud should I be to lean upon him! How at the court fetes! With what delight should I keep long watches in the cabinet of his Excellency the Ambassador, whilst he is busy with his majesty's affairs!"

But after this "aside," the Marchioness resumed her gay and coquettish air; as if the woman comprehended the mission of refined gallantry which was reserved for her seductive and delicate epoch by an indulgent Providence, that laid by its anger and its evil days for the subsequent reign.

"Marchioness," said Monsieur de Beaugency, as he held in his hands the rosy fingers of the lively widow, "it is fully a week since you received me!"

"A week! Why, you were here yesterday!"

love unanswerably and most triumphantly proved, in laying all these at the feet of the woman whom one adores!"

"You may be right."

"I may be right, Marchioness! Listen to me, my fair lady love."

"I am all attention, sir."

"Between us, who are well born, and consort not with plebeians, that vulgar and sentimental sort of love which is painted by those who write books for your mantuamakers and chambermaids, would be in exceeding bad taste. It would be but slighting love and making no account of its enjoyment; were we to go and bury it in some obscure corner of the Provinces, or of Paris—we who belong to Versailles—living away there, in monotonous solitude and unchanging contemplation!"

"Ah," said the Marchioness, "you think so?"

"Tell me, rather, of fetes that dazzle one with the lights, with noise, with smiles, with wit, through which one glides intoxicated, with the fair conquest in triumph on one's arm. Why hide one's happiness in place of parading it? The jealousy of the world does not increase, and cannot diminish it. My uncle, the cardinal, stands well at court. He has the king's ear, and better still, the countess's. He will, ere long, procure me one of the northern embassies. Cannot you fancy yourself Madame the Ambassador, trading on the platform of a drawing room, as royalty with royalty, with the highest nobility of a kingdom—having the men at your feet, and the women on lower seats around, whilst you yourself are occupant of a throne, and wield a sceptre?"

And as Monsieur de Beaugency warmed with his own eloquence, he gently slid from his seat to the knees of the Marchioness, whose hand he covered with kisses.

She listened to him with a smile on her lips, and then abruptly said to him,—"Rise, sir, and hear me in turn. Are you in truth sincerely attached to me?"

"With my whole soul, Marchioness."

"Are you prepared to make every sacrifice?"

"Every one, madam."

"That is fortunate indeed; for to be prepared for all, is to accomplish one without the slightest difficulty; and it is but a single one that I require."

"O speak! Must a throne be conquered?"

"By no means, sir. You must only call to mind that you own a fine chateau in Poitou."

"Pooh!" said Monsieur de Beaugency, a shudder.

"Every man's house is his castle," replied the widow. "And, having called to mind, you need only order post horses."

"For what purpose?"

"To carry me off to Courlaic. It is there that your almoner shall unite us, in the chapel, in the presence of your domestics and vassals, our only witnesses."

"A singular whim, Marchioness, but I submit to it."

"Very well. We will set out this evening. Ah, I forget."

"What further?"

"Before starting, you will send in your resignation to the king."

Monsieur de Beaugency almost bounded from his seat.

"Do you dream of that, Marchioness?"

"Assuredly. You will not, at Courlaic, be able to perform your duties at court."

"And on returning?"

"We will not return!" slowly ejaculated Monsieur de Beaugency. "Where then shall we proceed?"

"No where. We will remain at Courlaic."

"All the summer?"

"And all the winter. I count upon settling myself there after our marriage. I have a horror for the court. I do not like the turmoil. Grandeur worries me. I look forward only to a simple and charming country life, to the tranquil and happy existence of the forgotten lady of the castle. What matters it to you? You were ambitious for my love's sake. I care but little for ambition; you ought to care for it still less, since you are in love with me."

"But, Marchioness—"

"Just! it's a bargain. Still, for firm's sake, I give you one hour to reflect. There, pass out that way; go into the winter drawing room, and send me your answer upon a leaf of your tablets. I am about to complete my toilet, which I left unfinished to receive you."

And the Marchioness opened a door, bowed Monsieur de Beaugency into the corridor, and closed the door upon him.

"Marchioness," cried the king from his hiding place, "you will offer Monsieur de Menneval the embassy to Prussia, which I promise you for him."

"And you will not emerge from you retreat?"

"Certainly not, madame; it is far more amusing to remain behind the scenes. One hears all, laughs at one's ease, and is not troubled with saying anything."

It struck two. Monsieur de Menneval was announced. His majesty remained snug, and shammed dead.

melodious concert of the heart, which passes by the name of love.

He was timid but he passionately loved the beautiful widow; and his dearest dream was of passing his whole life at her feet, in well chosen retirement, far from those envious lookers-on, who are ever ready to fling their sarcasms on quiet happiness, and who dissemble their envy under a cloak of philosophic skepticism.

He trembled as he entered the Marchioness's boudoir. He remained standing before her, and blushed as he kissed her hand. At length, encouraged by a smile, emboldened by the solemnity of this coveted interview, he spoke to her of his love with a poetic simplicity and an unmediated warmth of heart—the genuine enthusiasm of a priest, who has faith in the object of his adoration.

And as he spoke, the Marchioness sighed, and said within herself:—

"He is right. Love is happiness. Love is to be two indeed, but one at the same time; and to free from those importunate intermeddlers, the indifference or the mocking attention of the world."

She remembered, however the advice of the king, and thus addressed the baron:—

"What will you indeed do, in order to convince me of your affection?"

"All that man can do."

The baron was less bold than Monsieur de Beaugency, who had talked of conquering a throne. He was probably more sincere.

"I am ambitious," said the widow.

"Ah!" replied Monsieur de Menneval, sorrowfully.

"And I would that the man whom I marry should aspire to every thing, and achieve every thing."

"I will try so to do, if you wish it."

"Listen! I give you an hour to reflect. I am you know, the king's god-daughter. I have begged of him an embassy for you."

"Ah!" said Monsieur de Menneval, with indifference.

"He has granted my request. If you love me you will accept the offer. We will be married this evening, and your Excellency the Ambassador to Prussia will set off for Berlin immediately after the nuptials. Reflect! I grant you an hour."

"It is useless," answered Monsieur de Menneval; "I have no need of reflection, for I love you. Your wishes are my orders; to obey you is my only desire. I accept the embassy."

"Never mind!" said she, trembling with joy, and blushing deeply. "Pass into the room wherein you were just now waiting. I must complete my toilet, and I shall then be at your service. I will summon you."

The Marchioness handed out the baron by the right hand door, as she had handed out the Marquis by the left; and then said to herself:—

"I shall be prettily embarrassed if Monsieur de Beaugency should consent to end his days at Courlaic!"

Thereupon the king removed the screen and reappeared.

His majesty stepped quietly to the round table, whereon he had replaced the oranges, and took up one of them.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Marchioness, "I perceive, sire, that you foresee the difficulty that is to spring up, and go back, accordingly, to the oranges, in order to settle it."</

The same paper, in speaking of that city says, the business may be correctly inferred by passing along the streets about two o'clock in the afternoon, when one will hear the merchants and their clerks either whistling "Old Hundred" or "Yankee Doodle."

XXIII CONGRESS.—First Session.

The May Term of the Court of Common Pleas Judge Staples presiding, will commence in the city on Tuesday next.

Deacon Daniel Clark, soldier of the revolution and a resident of Plymouth, Vt. for the last fifty years, died at Brooklyn, Conn., Jan. 12.

A resolution was passed, continuing unfinished business until the next session and adjourning the General Assembly to meet again on the second Monday in

question—What is the original
having been put to an Indian chief,
plied "Idleness!"

A family of five children in Barro's team under 12 and two of the 17 years of age, braided, in three 502 Palm Leaf Hats worth eight apiece.

Walker and his band have evacuated Lower California and are gone—no one knows where, but perhaps to Texas. They drove off 300 or 400 head of cattle belonging to the rancheros of Lower California.

XXIII CONGRESS.—First Session.

April 1. J. H. & G. W. FRANK
Spring and Summer Shawls.—Bro-
 cades, Cashmere and Silk Shawls at low prices,
 at March 11. **LANGLEY & NORMAN'S.**
20,000 **Half Spanish Segars,**
 Feb 11. just received at **CARR'S,**
 171 Thames st.

FALL RIVER RAILROAD. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, April 24, 1884, Passenger Trains run daily, Sundays excepted, as follows:—
Leave Fall River for Boston, at 7.20 A. M. and 3.45 P. M.
Leave Boston for Fall River, at 1.15 A. M., 1.40 and 5.30 P. M.

Cape Cod Trains.
Leave Boston for Fall River, at 4.45 P. M.
Leave Fall River for Boston, at 7.15 A. M. and 3.45 P. M.

New Bedford Trains.
Leave Fall River for New Bedford, at 7.15 A. M. and 3.45 P. M.
Leave New Bedford for Fall River, at 7.15 A. M. and 3.45 P. M.

Bridgeport Trains.
Leave Bridgeport for Boston, at 6.30, 8.05, 9.55 A. M., and 4.35 P. M.
Leave Boston for Bridgeport, at 7.15 A. M., 1.30, 4.30 and 8.20 P. M.

New York and Newport Trains.
Leave Boston for New York (except Sunday) at 8.30 P. M.
Leave New York for Boston, at 7.15 A. M.

For NEW-YORK via NEWPORT.
EMPIRE STATE, Capt. Benj. Irvington, On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
DAY STATE, Capt. Brown, On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

* On arrival of Trains from New Bedford.
† On arrival of Trains from Taunton.
April 8, 1884.

COTTAGE'S INDEPENDENT NATIONAL BRIDGE.

THE INVENTOR of this bridge having made a great improvement on the original patent, and taken measures to secure the improvement, takes this method to notify the public that he is prepared to build bridges over various rivers for the following prices, that is, to do the carpenter's work, but not furnish any material.

FOR A RAILROAD BRIDGE

100 feet in the clear of abutments,	\$100
200 feet in the clear of abutments,	400
300 feet in the clear of abutments,	600
400 feet in the clear of abutments,	800
500 feet in the clear of abutments,	1,000
600 feet in the clear of abutments,	1,200
700 feet in the clear of abutments,	1,400
800 feet in the clear of abutments,	1,600
900 feet in the clear of abutments,	1,800
1,000 feet in the clear of abutments,	2,000
1,100 feet in the clear of abutments,	2,200
1,200 feet in the clear of abutments,	2,400
1,300 feet in the clear of abutments,	2,600
1,400 feet in the clear of abutments,	2,800
1,500 feet in the clear of abutments,	3,000
1,600 feet in the clear of abutments,	3,200
1,700 feet in the clear of abutments,	3,400
1,800 feet in the clear of abutments,	3,600
1,900 feet in the clear of abutments,	3,800
2,000 feet in the clear of abutments,	4,000

The patent right will be \$2 a foot.
N. B. A Bridge of any required magnitude, strength and beauty can be built on this plan. These prices will not be built in account of cheap rapid rivers, as I can build a cheap over the water as over dry land. Address
A. COTTRELL,
March 18, 1884—2m. Newport, R. I.

W. L. COZZENS & CO.

RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of purchasers to their

CARPET WAREHOUSES.

Which are largely supplied with a new and choice stock of

BRUSSELS AND TAPESTRY CARPETS.

THREE-PLY SUPERFINE INGRAIN.

FINE AND COMMON INGRAIN.

STRAW CARPETS.

On Cloths of all widths and qualities from 1 yard to 3 yards wide, and cut up in any shape required.

Straw Mattings all widths and qualities.

—ALSO—
Door Mats, Rugs, Stair Bars, and in fact every article usually found in a large Carpet Warehouse, always on hand and at the cheapest prices.

Carpet cut, made, and put down at short notice, and in a satisfactory manner.

March 23

COAL, COAL, COAL!!

THE SUBSCRIBER has now on hand a full supply of

LYONS VALLEY (grey ash) Coal.

Stove, Egg and Broken Sibs. Schuykill (Red ash) Coal, Stove, Egg and Broken Sibs, and also White ash and Sibs, and broken Sibs. The latter sizes for large furnaces—all of which will be furnished to customers at the lowest market prices.

—ALSO—
Walnut—Oak and Southern and Eastern Pine Wood.

Orders left with Mr. Goffe at the United States Clothing Store, 2 West of the Post Office, or at the office on the Wharf, (formerly F. B. Peckham's) opposite the foot of Mary street, will meet with prompt attention.

Aug 5

HEAVY POTTER

HAS JUST RECEIVED a choice lot of Provision and Groceries.

Prime Flour by package and retail.

Extra Family Flour, in Box and half-box raisins bbls.

— Buckwheat in bags, Sweet French Chocolate — Western Cheese, Dried Apple Pie, Cream, Lead Lard, Best Sweet Oil, Best Corn Meal, best Bleached W. Oil, Best Sweet Oil, Brown and Crushed Sugar, Cranberries, Currants, Raisins, Apples, Peaches, and all kinds of fruit, and all kinds of goods.

Dec 3, 1883.

JOSEPH SOUTHWICK AND ABRAHAM PECKHAM, administrators on the estate of STEPHEN SOUTHWICK.

late of Newport, deceased, present their administration account and ask estate for allowance, the same is read and received, and referred for consideration to a select committee, to be held at the City Clerk's office in Newport on Monday, the 29th day of May inst, at 10 o'clock A. M., and notice is ordered to be given therefor for three successive weeks in the Newport Mercury, that all persons interested may appear at said time and place and be heard thereon.

May 8

Court of Probate, Newport, May 1, 1884.

ELIAS HASKET DEBRY, of Boston, Mass., Esq., presents to this Court the last will and testament of

RICHARD C. DEBRY, formerly of said Boston, but late of the city of Newport, Gentelman, deceased, dated the 19th of November, 1840, on which the testator, then and there generally bearing date the 18th of November, 1840, 4th of May, 1847, and 19th of May, 1848, in which said Elias Hasket DeBry is named the sole Executor therein, and in writing prays the same may be proved and allowed, and that letters testamentary may be issued in him thereon, and some are received and referred for consideration to a select committee, to be held at the City Clerk's office in Newport on Monday, the 22d of May next, at 10 o'clock A. M., and notice is ordered to be given therefor for three successive weeks in the Newport Mercury, that all persons interested may appear at said time and place and be heard thereon.

April 29

ORANGES & LEMONS.

A NEW SUPPLY of the above at

STANTON'S, 38 Thames st.

Boston City and R. I. Hams received this day for Election, and selling at 12c each per lb.

YOUNG, 49

PARASOLS.

A LARGE STOCK of Parasols, at low prices, for sale at

C. W. TURNER'S, 81 & 83 Thames st.

500 BUSHELS PLASTER HAIR, for sale by

J. H. & G. W. PERRY, April 15.

Combs.—Twist, Side, Puff, and Dressing Combs, of Horn and Rubber, at

J. H. HAMMETT'S, 85 Thames st.

Business Coals.—A great variety now for sale by

J. H. COZZENS, 112 Thames st.

THE RENOWNED REMEDY!



HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

THE extraordinary Ointment is composed of the most healing balsams, and when used in accordance with the directions which accompany each pot, will insure cures when all other means fail. Cases of the most desperate skin diseases readily yield to its efficacy. It is famous when used in cases of Gout, Rheumatism, Contracted or Stiff Joints. In Asthma it will do wonders if well rubbed into the Chest.

A MOST ASTONISHING CURE OF SCORFUS. MOST ULCERS—A CASE CERTIFIED BY THE MAYOR OF LONDON, ENGLAND. Copy of a Letter from J. Noble, Esq., Mayor of London, Lincoln's Inn, dated 12th, 1853.

Dear Sir,—Mrs. Sarah Dixon of Ligonier street, London, has this day deposited before me for a considerable period she was severely afflicted with Scrophulous Sores and Ulcers in her arms, legs, and other parts of her body; and although the first medical advice was obtained at the course of a large sum of money, she obtained no abatement of suffering, but gradually grew worse.

Being recommended by a friend to try your Ointment, she procured a small pot, and a box of Pills, and before that was all used, symptoms of amendment appeared. By persevering with the medicines for a short time longer, according to the directions, and strictly adhering to your rules as to diet, &c., she was perfectly cured, and now enjoys the best of health.

I remain, Dear Sir, yours truly,
(Signed) J. NOBLE.

Dated April 12th, 1853.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AND RAPID CURE OF FURUNCULUS IN THE LEG, AFTER MEDICAL AID HAD FAILED.

Copy of a Letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, of the Post Office, dated Jan. 12th, 1853.

To Professor Holloway,
Sir,—I suffered for a considerable period from a severe attack of Erysipelas, which at length attacked my leg, and remained almost fatal. My sufferings were very great, and I quite despaired of any permanent amendment, when I was advised to have recourse to your Ointment and Pills. I did so without delay, and am happy to say the result was eminently successful. The effects were rapid, and my leg and restored me to the enjoyment of health. I shall ever speak with the utmost confidence of your medicines, and have recommended them to others in this neighborhood similarly afflicted, who desired quick benefit.

I am, Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,
(Signed) ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

The Pills have been supplied with the Ointment to most of the following cases:

Bad Legs, Contracted and Stiff Joints, Scrophulous Sores, Erysipelas, Ulcers, Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsy, Swelling of the Feet, and all kinds of skin diseases.

Prepared by H. HOLLOWAY, 344 Strand, London, W.

Agents for Newport, HAZARD & CASWELL, Dec. 24—c-w.

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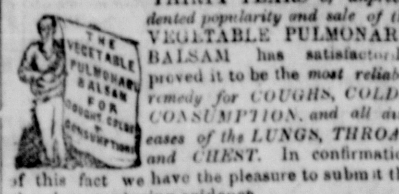
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J. H. HAMMETT'S, 85 Thames st.

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J. H. COZZENS, 112 Thames st.

WORTHY OF NOTICE.



THIRTY YEARS OF UNPRECEDENTED POPULARITY AND SALE OF THE VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSA.

THE undersigned, Wholesale Druggists, having for many years sold your Vegetable Pulmonary Balm, are happy to bear testimony to its great efficacy in the relief of Coughs, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, and all diseases of the LUNGS, THROAT and CHEST. In confirmation of this fact we have the pleasure to submit the following:

Attest, August 1st, 1853.
We the undersigned, Wholesale Druggists, having for many years sold your Vegetable Pulmonary Balm, are happy to bear testimony to its great efficacy in the relief of Coughs, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, and all diseases of the LUNGS, THROAT and CHEST. In confirmation of this fact we have the pleasure to submit the following:

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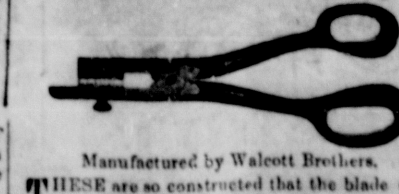
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PATENT Graded Button Hole Cutters



Manufactured by Walcott Brothers.

THESE are so constructed that the blade cuts on a brass bed, marked with a graduating scale, by sliding which the instrument is adjusted to cut a button hole of the exact length desired, either with or without an eyelet hole at the end. Cutter easier and more neatly than any others. No. 1 cuts a button hole from 1/4 to 1 1/2 inches. No. 2, 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 inches. No. 3, 1 3/4 to 2 inches. No. 4, 2 to 2 1/2 inches. No. 5, 2 1/2 to 3 inches. No. 6, 3 to 3 1/2 inches. No. 7, 3 1/2 to 4 inches. No. 8, 4 to 4 1/2 inches. No. 9, 4 1/2 to 5 inches. No. 10, 5 to 5 1/2 inches. No. 11, 5 1/2 to 6 inches. No. 12, 6 to 6 1/2 inches. No. 13, 6 1/2 to 7 inches. No. 14, 7 to 7 1/2 inches. No. 15, 7 1/2 to 8 inches. No. 16, 8 to 8 1/2 inches. No. 17, 8 1/2 to 9 inches. No. 18, 9 to 9 1/2 inches. No. 19, 9 1/2 to 10 inches. No. 20, 10 to 10 1/2 inches. No. 21, 10 1/2 to 11 inches. No. 22, 11 to 11 1/2 inches. No. 23, 11 1/2 to 12 inches. No. 24, 12 to 12 1/2 inches. No. 25, 12 1/2 to 13 inches. No. 26, 13 to 13 1/2 inches. No. 27, 13 1/2 to 14 inches. No. 28, 14 to 14 1/2 inches. No. 29, 14 1/2 to 15 inches. No. 30, 15 to 15 1/2 inches. No. 31, 15 1/2 to 16 inches. No. 32, 16 to 16 1/2 inches. No. 33, 16 1/2 to 17 inches. No. 34, 17 to 17 1/2 inches. No. 35, 17 1/2 to 18 inches. No. 36, 18 to 18 1/2 inches. No. 37, 18 1/2 to 19 inches. No. 38, 19 to 19 1/2 inches. No. 39, 19 1/2 to 20 inches. No. 40, 20 to 20 1/2 inches. No. 41, 20 1/2 to 21 inches. No. 42, 21 to 21 1/2 inches. No. 43, 21 1/2 to 22 inches. No. 44, 22 to 22 1/2 inches. No. 45, 22 1/2 to 23 inches. No. 46, 23 to 23 1/2 inches. No. 47, 23 1/2 to 24 inches. No. 48, 24 to 24 1/2 inches. No. 49, 24 1/2 to 25 inches. No. 50, 25 to 25 1/2 inches. No. 51, 25 1/2 to 26 inches. No. 52, 26 to 26 1/2 inches. No. 53, 26 1/2 to 27 inches. No. 54, 27 to 27 1/2 inches. No. 55, 27 1/2 to 28 inches. No. 56, 28 to 28 1/2 inches. No. 57, 28 1/2 to 29 inches. No. 58, 29 to 29 1/2 inches. No. 59, 29 1/2 to 30 inches. No. 60, 30 to 30 1/2 inches. No. 61, 30 1/2 to 31 inches. No. 62, 31 to 31 1/2 inches. No. 63, 31 1/2 to 32 inches. No. 64, 32 to 32 1/2 inches. No. 65, 32 1/2 to 33 inches. No. 66, 33 to 33 1/2 inches. No. 67, 33 1/2 to 34 inches. No. 68, 34 to 34 1/2 inches. No. 69, 34